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ONLY A CARRIER-BOY.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

"Only a carrier!" That was all;
And the fair one sweetly smiled,
As she uttered the sentence, bitter as gall,
To a heart that with love was wild.
Nothing to her, in her haughty pride;
He was to her—a toy;
For she was to be a rich man's bride,
And he—was a carrier-boy!
Oh, lady, look back! In thy hour of need,
When thy heart with fear was cold,
When the icy waters closed o'er thy head,
And the carrier-boy so bold—
Sprung out in the water, dark and deep,
From the vessel's lofty side,
And brought your dripping form to the deck—
Whom all thy pride!

You said you loved but him alone,
And his heart was filled with joy,
But now your glances are hard and cold—
He's only a carrier-boy!

"Tis a low, and mean, so proud
A leader of fashion that I am,
And the carrier-boy has won a name
That lives in speech and song.

He feels content. Ah, blessed gift,
That her heart can ne'er enjoy,
For oft in her gayest moods she sighs,
As she thinks of the carrier-boy!

Iron and Gold:

THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK GRENADIER," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE HIDDEN JEWEL.

"Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilst the sweet theme is universal joy."

—BLOOMFIELD.

"Tis well to wake the theme of love
Whose chords of wild ecstatic fire
Ring from the harp, and ample prove
The soul as joyous as the lyre."

—COOK.

A SMOOTH road wound amid the trees—a highway noisy with the constant rumble of farmers' wagons, bearing their truck to the distant market.

Beyond the echoing hum that rises from the thoroughfares of a prosperous city, a narrow lane diverged from this main road—entering a dense avenue of foliage, where cool air and pleasant perfumes broke the drowsy influence of the warm spring day.

Following the lane, we bring the reader's imagination to a cottage nestled amid a picture of green and flowers—a home that was humble, though rich in the love that lived beneath its roof.

It was a posited Paradise, where odors of bloom, and fairest of dreams wove their charms, in nameless number, within the senses of the beholder.

The hour was eight o'clock, A. M.

A gray-haired man sat on a low bench near the vine-clad porch; and at his feet, with one arm resting on his knee, was a beautiful girl. She was busy making up a bouquet of roses culled from the beds that surrounded the cottage, and singing lowly to herself at the same time.

Nineteen years of age; not yet perfect in her loveliness—but more than merely pretty, and promising to be a woman of rare symmetry. Eyes of hazel; lips of sweets; cheeks of blush; hair almost black and curly; a voice of merriment and soberness alternately—this was Zella Kearn, to an observer, the gem that was hidden away from the world, in the snug little cottage by the country lane.

The man was her father, Wilbur Kearn; and these two, alone, were the occupants of the fairy retreat.

He sat there with his head bent forward, his eyes looking far out through an opening in the trees, resting vacantly on the scene before him, while his mind was divided between absorbing thoughts and a listless attention to the song of his child.

Suddenly the music of her voice ceased.

"There—I've finished it. Look, pa; isn't it pretty?"

She held up the result of her labor for his inspection, as she spoke. But turning to glance into his face, the exclamation died abruptly, and the gay smile fled.

Wilbur Kearn did not hear her. And a long silence ensued, while she studied the aged features unwaveringly.

At last she rose, and wound an arm around his neck.

"Pa?"

"Eh?—did you speak to me, child?"

Instantly the smile came back to her ripe, red lips, and the voice was again quick and girlish.

"Yes, I did. You didn't seem to hear me. Look: isn't this pretty? What's the matter, pa? You are pale. Are you sick?"

"I've not been well for several days, Zella. I—I was thinking—when you spoke to me."

"Thinking? What about?" rapidly, and twitching the bouquet as she gave it some final touches of improvement.

"Oh, nothing."

Zella laughed. "It can't be of much importance, if it's nothing; but I want to know."

"Do not insist."

"Well, I sha'n't, then," pouting.

"I'm going to town to-day, Zella," he added.

"Are you? Take me!—I wan't to go, so bad. I've lots of things to get, pa."

"No, Zella, not this time—the next. Wait till I go again!"



With the stealth of a cat she gained a position behind the foliage, and looked in upon Cyrus Winfield and his son.

"Oh, pshaw! I do think I'm the most unfortunate girl in the world! Why, I haven't been to town for a whole month. I want to see aunt Jane, too. What do you keep me buried up in this way? You must be afraid you'll lose me! And it's a shame, for—"

"Tut, tut, Zella, not so fast," he interrupted, as she rattled off the sentences. "Well, what's the reason, then? I'm worse off than a bird in a cage, and I don't like it a bit."

"We have been very happy here, Zella."

"Yes, pa, I know we have," and her tone softened; "but you act just as if you were afraid of losing me—you guard me so close."

A momentary glance darted at her from his gray eyes; a peculiar expression passed over his face.

But Zella did not notice it. She was still fingering at the bouquet, as if it would not look to please her; the roses were receiving all the benefit of her gaze; what she said was half-playful, half in earnest.

"It is for your own good, child," and with the speech, Kearn arose and entered the house to prepare for his departure.

A few steps inside the hallway, he paused and looked "back, though he could not see her from where he stood.

"Yes," he uttered, in a low, reflective voice: "I am afraid of losing you. One so beautiful as you, my child, durst not be too well known—particularly if they have a heart like yours. And, though your nature is difficult to read, there might chance some one to penetrate it; and it would do you no good—it would do you no good."

His only child was precious to him, and he did guard her jealously.

When alone, Zella moved toward a bowed seat, at one side of the grassy plot.

Suddenly, at a half-smothered exclamation escaped her. She had seen a figure approaching along the path that led from the lane to the house—one that she recognized—and, in a second, she changed the direction of her steps.

But she did not wish to elude the comers; for, while he drew near, she knelt at a rose-

bush—though it really needed not another bush to complete the bouquet.

A young man emerged from the shade of the gravelled path—then halted to contemplate her; for the picture seemed to him like the apparition of a floral nymph.

Then he advanced and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Ough!—Mr. Winfield!" There was a recoil accompanying the simulation of surprise; but, in the same breath, she continued, as she sprung to her feet:

"You must be trying to frighten me to death! Why did you come up so stealthily? See my pretty flowers—do you want them?"

"I am wild to possess them, since they were arranged by your hands!"

"Oh, don't go wild!" with a rippling, merry laugh. "Here—I gathered them for you."

"For me?"

" Didn't I say so? Come, let us go up to the house. Pa is going to the city. So, consider yourself my prisoner till he gets back," and she wheeled about and started toward the porch.

"I would esteem it a great favor if you held me in captivity forever."

"You might get fired!" laughingly.

"No danger. I always feel so happy in your society, that I look forward with eagerness to each visit I intend making to you."

"Do you? I am glad to hear it. Sit down. You haven't been to see us in two weeks?"

"It has not been for lack of desire, I assure you—"

"Are you going now, pa?" to her father, who just then came out.

"Yes—ah! you have company. Hope you are well to-day, Mr. Winfield."

The two men exchanged cordial salutations, and, after a few remarks of no particular import, Kearn started off.

For a long time, Winfield sat conversing with the merry girl—she doing most of the talking. It was a pleasure to be silent and listen to her endless utterances; though he wondered how she could find so much to

employ the tongue, for she mingled very little with the outside world, nor was she fond of reading. Her powers seemed to be a natural gift.

"You talk so fast, I can hardly catch your words," he interrupted, as she poured out a multitude of sentences that all ran together, with hardly space for punctuation.

"Ha! ha! ha! do I? Then you must listen fast."

"When will you be a sober woman, Zella?"

"I'm sure I don't know—never, I guess. I think I'll always be a girl," and again the red lips laughed aloud.

"I prophesy that you will never marry, unless you cease to be a girl."

"Oh, my! How unkind. Ha! ha! ha!"

"But I guess you are right. To tell the truth, I know I shall never marry any one."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Oh, well—because," with the laugh again.

"Then I never shall."

"You won't? Why?" and she looked at him keenly.

He had spoken without thought.

"I can hardly answer that," he said.

"Perhaps it is for the same reason you have given: 'cause it."

Hugh Winfield was a young man of about twenty-four years; a blonde; and by nature sincere—though not entirely free from selfishness. At the time our narrative begins, he was studying law.

His acquaintance with Wilbur Kearn and Zella was not of long standing; yet in the few months that had elapsed since their first meeting, he had experienced a peculiar admiration of her—not exactly love, and still, a feeling very similar.

His visits to the cottage were not frequent, put they were periodical; and each time he bade Zella good-bye, to return to his mental labors in the city, he felt an increase of the fascination that had crept upon him.

On this day, he remained with her until the sun was low in the west. Ere he parted, and while he held her hand, he said:

"Zella, before I go, I want a kiss—
"Mr. Winfield!" She drew back, and the dark eyes widened.

But he held her tightly.

"Come, Zella, just one."

"No, Mr. Winfield—no!"

"Yes!" while he drew the resisting form closer.

"No! no! no!"

But the kiss was won, though she shrank from him, trembling.

He did not dream, then, what that kiss was to cost.

As he walked away along the lane, he was thinking deeply.

"Do I love this girl?" he asked himself, more than once. "What makes me feel thus toward her? Not a word, not a look has ever been given, to tell me that she loves me—yet she is drawing my heart irresistibly toward her, until I am almost ready to fall on my knees before her! I would have her with me always; but it seems as if I dare not ask her to be mine. There are other women far better educated than she—women, too, whose bosoms are passionate with love, while Zella is cold, either by force or will, or actual deadness to the keener emotions of the heart. A merry, careless girl, I love, and do not love. Where is a name for such a state?"

At a sort of tavern, or restaurant, about a mile from Kearn's dwelling, Winfield had stalled his horse; and soon procuring had the animal, he rode off, still thinking of Zella, and his own indefinable condition of mind.

Zella had gazed after his retreating form till the trees screened him from sight. Her face—merry, smiling and unreadable all the afternoon—now was very solemn, and the hazel eyes were softer than usual in their gaze, as they followed after Hugh Winfield. But, when the young man disappeared, there was a toss of the head, which threw the curls over her shoulders, and she stepped upon the porch, pausing here to look once more down the path, as if expecting to catch another glimpse of him, and then entered the house to set the table for the evening meal.

"I think he might have waited for tea, any how!" she exclaimed, as her deft hands spread the snowy cloth.

CHAPTER II.

SHALL HE DO IT?

"For I have wandered far and felt the might
Of southern loveliness and northern wit,
But every charm at length has taken flight,
And at a vision's feet again I sit."

—TUCKERMAN.

"One face was ever in my sight,"

"One voice was ever in my ear."

—LANDON.

NIGHT was closing fast on St. Louis. In the immediate neighborhood of Lucas Place, stood the commodious residence of Cyrus Winfield, a merchant of considerable wealth and high standing in the community.

The father of Hugh Winfield sat in his luxurious parlor, in dressing-gown and slippers, enjoying his usual rest after a day of activity in the business walks of life; and Mrs. Winfield, a mild, low-voiced, meek-looking lady, was occupied with meditation, for her eyes rested steadfastly on the carpet, and a thoughtful expression dwelt in her face.

The two were alone.

Cyrus was a man of fifty odd years, strongly built, and of rather stern-cast countenance. His eyes could flash and his voice growl—or, he could be gentle as a child; so said, at least, those who knew him most intimately.

Hugh was the only living child of the pair; death had darkened his life in a few short

He bit his nether lip and moved nervously.

"Let us quit this. Necessity is a trying state—ah!" He paused as a footstep sounded in the hall.

In another moment, Hugh Winfield entered.

Mrs. Winfield withdrew.

"Ah, Hugh!"

"Well, father?"

"You've just come in?"

"Yes, I was going up-stairs, but a servant told me that you wished to see me."

"So I do—so I do. Sit down. I want to talk with you. You went out on horseback this morning."

"I paid a visit to Mr. Kearn," drawing up a chair before his father, and seating himself.

Winfield frowned slightly; but his brow cleared in a second.

"You go there pretty often of late, it seems to me. Take care, Hugh, take care; I have seen Zella Kearn, and she is just the girl to trap the affections of a young man."

"Trap, father?" and he flushed at the word.

"Pah! it's all nonsense. Keep away from her. I've another rose for you to cult."

Hugh looked at him keenly.

"Speak on, father; what is it you have seen?"

After a brief silence, Cyrus Winfield gazed full in his son's face, and said, while he delivered each word in a measured accent:

"Hugh, I am on the verge of total ruin."

"What!"

The exclamation was one of amazement.

Cyrus repeated.

"What do you mean? Explain!" cried Hugh.

"I mean just what I say. My last available funds were drawn to day. My real estate is tied up so that it is worth nothing to me. Business has failed me; money has slipped through my fingers, as if each dollar was an eel! Cyrus Winfield, to-day, this minute, is not worth ten thousand dollars."

"And to what does this prelude tend?" asked the young man, while he stared, for he saw that there was something behind his father's significant speech.

"You can save me."

"Yes. If you will be the son to me, now, that you have been in the past, I shall survive the storm—if you will not, then our family will sink from its place in society, and the name of Winfield, so proud, so exalted, will sputter out like a wasted candle."

"Be plain, father; I don't understand you."

"You have heard of Ilde Wyn?"

"I have," with an increase of the wonder that was painted in his face.

"You know that she is worth half a million?"

"I do," promptly. "And the questions are: Who is this Ilde Wyn? Where and how did she acquire her wealth?"

"No matter about that—she has it. Money is money, without regard to its possessor."

"Still, I do not understand what you are aiming at."

Cyrus shifted his position uneasily.

"I made bold to call upon this young lady, yesterday—"

"Father!—I hold now. I know that neither her money nor her beauty have sufficed to obtain for her the *entrée* to our better circles; and this is simply because it has been rumored that she is nobody's child—that she was seen, ten years ago, begging on the streets. True—if the last rumor be correct—she gained her wealth with questionable suddenness. But, you must remember, this is all rumor—only rumor. I say I have seen her. She received me politely. She is an affable, intelligent girl, full of life and vigor; and—Hugh, from inferences drawn while in her company, I am candid when I declare that I believe she is a victim to foul slander, and unmerited abuse. Moreover, I think she will make a reasonably good wife."

"Father!—father!" and the quick-breathed exclamations appeared to come chokingly, "you want me to marry her?"

"Never!"

"Hugh!" Cyrus Winfield frowned, and his eyes kindled.

"Father, I can not!"

"But, think, for a moment, of the alternative; loss of all that is so dear to us, deprivation of those associations that have become so necessary to our existence."

"There is no gain in the remedy," protested Hugh. "We will be barred from society as she is; if she becomes a member of our family."

"Not at all. With the money this match will bring us, we can leave St. Louis, and begin life anew. I tell you"—and he closed his teeth forcibly—"the last available funds I possess are this moment, in the large desk in my office-library. When this is spent, I do not know how we shall live. Will you save me?"

"This is terrible!—terrible!"

Hugh Winfield started from his chair, and paced excitedly to and fro.

Cyrus watched the changeable workings of his features, as if to read what would be the reply. And the light in his eyes was stern and eager by turns; for his inward senses were fluctuating between hope and despair.

"You speak as though I had to ask, to get her?" said the young man, questioningly, as he paused short in his walk up and down.

"And I do not speak idly. She has had opportunity for sight of you, when you did not know it; she has listened to many of your conversations, when you would not have dreamed she was near—"

"Then she must be a witch!"

"I did not ask her to explain the 'hows. I have ascertained that she loves you."

"Loves me!"

"Ilde Wyn is not very maidenly. She must have been exceedingly entertaining, that such an intimacy should exist in so short a time between you and her" and the comments were tinctured with a sneer.

"We can overlook that. Come, Hugh, be just to us all—avert the blow that is imminent. Win this lovely girl, and get hold of her purse-strings. Will you do it?"

"I will not answer you now."

With the blunt reply that came even hunkily from his lips, Hugh Winfield strode from the parlor.

The old gentleman gazed after him; and when the last echoes of his step had died out in the entry above, Cyrus muttered to himself. "He is a strong-willed boy. Now, both he and his mother, I feel, think I am anxious for the consummation of this marriage, for reasons beyond the perils from my debts. It is not so. Ilde Wyn is not the one for him; I would not have him wed her if she was the only woman in the world. But money! money! I must have money! And if he refuse me this aid, he shall repent!"

As he finished his mutterings, his eyes sparkled and his brow knit scowlingly.

A veranda opened, at the further side of the parlor, into a well-cultivated garden. About the veranda were arranged a number of plants—some of them of a dense growth, as well as gaudy bloom. And amid the screening foliage a pair of eyes were watching Cyrus Winfield, as he stood there, musing aloud, and unconscious of the surveillance.

Hugh went straightway to his room, and threw himself into a chair by the window, where he sat gazing vacantly up at the starlit sky, and pondering on what had been proposed to him.

Never were his thoughts so full of Zella Kearn as now. Try all he would, he could not escape the imaginary presence of her dark, laughing eyes—and her merry voice seemed ringing unceasingly in his ears.

How could he play the hypocrite, and utter a tale of love for Ilde Wyn? Yet, could he see that father, who had so tenderly guarded him from the cradle to manhood, sink to ruin, when his salvation lay in a single act of a dutiful son?

The air was very close. Hardly a breath stirred on that side of the house. He left his bedchamber, and sought the office library, where a cool breeze rustled the curtains at the long, antique-looking window.

The apartment was dark and spectral; only the dim light of the stars struggled to break the shadows about him.

He drew an ottoman to one of the windows, and, seating himself there, gazed dreamily out upon the garden.

An unbroken stillness prevailed in his surroundings; soon he was oblivious to all else but his reveries on the entanglements of the hour.

The minutes multiplied; the night advanced, unheeded by the solitary occupant of the library.

Suddenly, a figure glided across his vision—this one quickly followed by another. Two forms had scaled the garden wall, and were moving stealthily toward the house.

Half aroused, yet not entirely free from the listless spell that held him, he strained his eyes to watch the apparitions, though he sat silent and immovable.

And, at that moment:

"Toll! toll! toll! began to strike a near clock—the hour of eleven.

Time had, indeed, passed rapidly, since the dreamer came there.

CHAPTER III.

BEGGAR AND MASTER.

"Oh, that torment should not be confined
To the body's limbs and pores,
With infinite immensity,
In head, heart, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To the inmost mind."

—MILTON

"Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, forever."
—SHELDY.

WILBUR KEARN, after leaving his horse, stepped briskly along the road in the direction of the city, St. Louis.

As he passed the roadside "Relay," where Hugh Winfield had stalled his horse, the proprietor, and one or two loiterers, who were gathered in conversation on the porch, greeted him with a friendly nod.

He was well known thereabouts as a man of education—one who, rumor said, had once been well situated in the world's comforts; and many wondered why he had sought so deserted a place to live in, when it was evident that his proper sphere lay in the heart of an active mercantile community.

But, gossip and inquiry had failed to set forth anything definite regarding him; and the voluntary hermit of the cottage retreat was, therefore, a mystery in the neighborhood.

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"I will not answer you now."

With the blunt reply that came even hunkily from his lips, Hugh Winfield strode from the parlor.

He quickly roused himself, however, and advanced to the door.

Entering a narrow, damp-aired passage-way, he continued up a flight of stairs that were dimly lighted by a half-closed window at their head.

To the right of the first landing was a door, and on this door Kearn knocked sharply.

"Come—come!" drawled a sleepy voice on the inside.

The visitor entered.

The apartment was high-ceilinged and square; book-cases, filled with medical volumes, were arranged along the whole of one side; two broad windows, without curtains, admitted an unpleasant glare of sunlight; on the floor was a dirty matting; a few chairs, with worn seats, and a dirty sofa, stood carelessly prominent. In one corner was a round table, containing decanter and wine-glasses; on the walls, in profuse number, were drawings of arms, limbs, hands, feet, lungs, hearts, skeletons, and other anatomical diagrams. From an immense chandelier hung a wire, and on the wire was suspended a grinning skull, that turned slowly round and round.

A large desk, in the center of the room, was piled with books, and numerous cases of surgical instruments; and at the desk Theophilus Onnorann, M. D., whose office we have endeavored to describe.

He was rather tall, rather slim—his legs almost fleshless, his arms long and thin.

Onnorann stepped to the door, and opened a small slide in one of the top panels, saying, as he did so:

"It's no use, I tell you. Comply with my conditions, friend Kearn, or the secret dies when the life of that shrivelled form goes out. Look: do you think she will

proportion to his body. His head was small—with a sparse growth of red hair, a receding forehead, long ears, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, pointed chin, hooked nose; and over the latter he wore a pair of green spectacles.

At sight of the comer he dropped the book he had been reading, and slipped, eel-like, from his seat.

"Ah! friend Kearn—you? Come in. I am delighted. You haven't called to see me for some time. Unusual. How do you do?"

His voice was affable; he smiled blandly.

"I suppose you are delighted to see me?"

said Kearn, with a slight bitterness, as he accepted the chair that was pushed toward him.

"Of course I am," went on Onnorann, adding, significantly: "though I knew you'd come again. I've been expecting you, every day, for a week—you manage to come periodically, you know. I was just reading a treatise on Iodoform. It's a good joke! one hundred pills for stomach neuralgia! Kill or cure, or both—I." He ceased, and looked into the face of his visitor, who he saw, was regarding him steadily.

The father of Zella Kearn was there for no idle purpose. His eyes were keenly on the man of medicine; and Onnorann was not at ease under the gaze, for he whisked himself over to the wine table, and brought it forward to a position between them.

"Take some wine, friend Kearn. Try it." settling himself comfortably, pouring two glasses full, and beginning to sip the beverage with a marked appreciation.

But Kearn declined.

"Doctor Onnorann, you know what I am here for."

The eyes behind the spectacles looked at him in a peculiar way; then they fell again to the glass, and their owner said, carelessly:

"Well, yes, I believe I do. It's the same old begging story, eh?"

"Will you never relent?"

"Relent?" He raised his glass to the light, and smiled, unreadably, as he surveyed its sparkling contents.

"You have tortured me long enough," continued Kearn. "Tell me, now, what I want to know. Where—where is my child? Surely, your hate must be satisfied by this time."

The wine-glass descended slowly to the table; the physician's eyes fixed piercingly on him.

a great surge swept away his forced composure for a single moment.

"Mirabel, oh! peerless, radiant Mirabel! I am dying for you—I can not live without you. To snatch a perishing soul from the very clutches of the fiends of perdition, tell me that there is still a chance to win that precious love I can not live without."

Her glance rested upon him pityingly.

"I thought you knew my heart is no longer mine to give," she said, with such sweet pride thrilling through her tones as served to rouse all the demons in him.

He spoke never a word. But there came a flash across his perfectly-modeled face which transformed it from almost angelic beauty to fiendish malignity; and the cruel, cold flame that leaped into those pale eyes came with the shock of a sickening revelation to Miss Durand.

That lightning glance which spoke of frenzied love and deadly hate—that, and he had turned from her and strode, with even steps, away.

But Mirabel, shrinking, with a numbing horror turning her blood to ice, clasped her hands over her eyes, and whispered, to herself:

"God forgive me if I judge him wrongly, but I believe his hand struck that murderous blow."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MISSING BRIDE.

VALERE gained but slowly. Time drew itself lingeringly through the sweet summer days, but all too fast was it for the hearts—some that were happy, and some that were heavy—in Fairview Glen.

Drake prospered but poorly in his search for the woman who should restore the true heir of the Durands. He came once or twice to report, and to consult with Mr. Thancroft.

"If it weren't out of all reason," said he, "I'd think she knew my purpose, and was keeping out of the way because of it. I can't find a track that she hasn't doubled on, nor a time she hasn't been close enough to keep watch on Fairview, if she had any object in it. I'm as likely to come across her at last by staying close here to the village as by chasing her about like a will-o'-the-wisp."

Nevertheless, he did not give up the search, for the very inconsistencies which baffled him challenged him on to the task.

And the weeks rolling around brought very close the time when Milly Ross should be brought to trial.

North had been at work with all the energy which desperation will lend. Through his endeavors the best of counsel had been secured in the defense; the facts as they stood had been sifted through and through, in the remote hope that some loop-hole of escape would present itself, but things were looking darkly for poor Milly Ross.

The clerk made his appearance at the manse one day, and asking for Miss Durand, was ushered above to the private sitting-room, where she and Fay were passing the morning together.

Mirabel had been in to brighten the day for the convalescent, but he evinced feverish symptoms; so, fearing a relapse, she had given him a sleeping powder prepared for such emergency, and withdrew, lest her presence should chase sleep from the bright but hollow eyes.

Fay had recovered her accustomed degree of carefree spirits. The fear that the shadow of Madame Durand's death might reflect upon either herself or Ware, was dissipated in the light of the evidence which told so strongly against the maid; she was not sympathetic upon the latter when her own selfish alarm died out. Moreover, she was inspired now with the hope that she was not still loving all in vain.

Lucian had met her on a few occasions when she walked in the grounds remote from the manse. He came there no more after the day when his soul had unveiled itself to the clear gaze of Mirabel. And though he spoke no words of love, the simulation of tenderness, which no man could better assume for a purpose, his slightly subdued manner and quiet persistency satisfied Miss St. Orme that her charms were gradually winning him back from his unreciprocated passion for Mirabel.

And so she was content to wait, having much faith in her own powers, but more, if it must be confessed, in the efficiency of the thirty thousand dollars which would become hers when Mirabel wedded Erne Valere.

The clerk was ushered into the presence of the two young ladies, a sad contrast in his haggardness and anxiety. Mirabel welcomed him most cordially; she liked the open, honest spirit of the obscure young man, and her womanly sympathy could reach down to a pitying contemplation of the deep sorrow which oppressed him.

"I've come on a mission from Milly, Miss Durand; one that she charged me with that night when Mr. Valere was attacked, and his danger put every other thought out of my head for the time. She says that when she put away the jewels after Madame's death, the key broke as she turned the lock of the last casket. She left orders down at the village for another one; I was to bring it to you and see that it answered. I hope that my neglect hasn't been any inconvenience."

"None to me, North. You know my intention to give up possession of the jewels?"

"They'll not find one more fit to wear them," said North, in respectful admiration. "If you'll be so kind as to try the key, I'll know whether any alterations will be made on it."

Mirabel crossed the room and brought the caskets, one at a time, placing them on the little dark solid table. She took the key, but it worked stiffly in the lock.

"It will need some filing off at the edge," said North, but with his stronger hand overcame the resistance, and the lids of the jewel-boxes sprung back, one by one.

Fay, with a cry of delight, fluttered over the glittering contents.

"Oh, the magnificent darlings! The great, sparkling brilliants; the lustrous pearls; the glowing, fiery rubies; amethysts, turquoises, emeralds, opals, all here. How can you think of giving them up, Miss Durand?"

Mirabel smiled silently as she passed her fair, unjeweled hand through the glittering heap. She took up the ring, which was circled around with alternate amethysts and pearls.

"It is very unique," she said, turning it slowly. "I remember Ross' saying she could not find the spring to replace it in its golden shield."

"Ugh!" shuddered Fay. "Madame had

it on her hand after she was dead. It suggests graves and ghouls; I'd never wear that if the jewels belonged to me. Ah, it has just come to me! That ring is a match-piece to the necklace about the painted throat of Madame Rosalie Durand."

"The lost necklace! Yes, it certainly is," said Mirabel, without attaching any importance to the fact.

North leaned toward her, and his hand shook as he extended it.

"Will you permit me, Miss Durand? Are not the pearls a little discolored?—and look! there is one loose in the setting."

He turned the ring round and round with a grave, disquieted face.

"Loose?—so it is. And the sharp tracery is fretting it. I wish it could be remedied at once, but I do not like to trust it in the hands of the village workmen," said Mirabel.

The grave doubt upon North's face cleared a little.

"If you'll trust it to me, Miss Durand; I shall leave for Philadelphia this evening. I'm going on business relating to—to—the trial." The poor fellow's voice choked and trembled. "I'll be glad to undertake the commission for you, and it will give me something else to think about."

"And I am glad of the opportunity," said Mirabel, smilingly, though her heart ached for him.

Shortly after North took his leave, but more than once on his way down the mountain path he paused to assure himself of the safety of the ring.

"It seems like a wild hope," he whispered to himself, on one of these occasions. "A wild, desperate hope—I dare hardly think of it as such. But, God help me! it is the only one that is left."

And while the clerk pursued his way, Valere awoke from the sleep which had not refreshed him. Mirabel was at his side and remained with him through all the afternoon, but the unfavorable symptoms did not abate. Thoroughly alarmed at last, she dispatched a messenger for Doctor Gaines, and imposed utter quiet in the sick-room.

"I could be satisfied to sit here and look at you forever," said Erne, with feeble, loving enthusiasm, but a grave, doubtful shade stole into his eyes as he spoke. "I must disobey your command, nevertheless, Queen Mirabel. I must speak of the thoughts which are troubling me. I am not mending fast, my love; and suppose—suppose a relapse should come—suppose it should not get well again?"

"Oh, Erne!"

"It has been troubling me—this thought. We may be neglecting that which is sacredly our duty, Mirabel. We may defer making restitution until it is too late."

No need of him speaking more plainly. She knew that he was oppressed by the shadow which had hovered so near to him, and she had heard it said, between the executors of the will, when they did not know she was heeding, that should he recover now, he might not escape a second attack upon his life by the unknown assassin.

There was a little silence between them, broken by the doctor's entrance.

"What's this, I want to know?" he asked, with bustling cheerfulness. "What are you doing with this patient of ours, Miss Durand? Haven't I had enough trouble with him, I want to know, without his falling back upon my hands?"

"You can't regret it more than I do, Doctor Gaines."

"You haven't been crossing his whims, or letting him worry?"

"That's just it, doctor," put in the invalid. "She's letting me worry."

"Well, well; that will never do—it'll not be at all, Miss Durand. Sick people must be humored, you know. Now, my dear young sir, what is it with which you are finding fault?"

"Well, doctor, I want my wife to take care of me."

The doctor pursed his lips into shape to whistle, and stared at his patient with a comical twinkle in his gray, good-humored eyes.

"Ah, poor fellow!" said he, gravely. "Your case is quite beyond my skill, I'm afraid. I think you had better call in the parson."

Mirabel blushed vividly, but their badinage was over. Erne had fairly exhausted himself in his effort to keep up, but now a sudden fainting overtook him.

It was only the natural result of having overtaxed his strength, the doctor explaining.

Mr. Thancroft came in while the quiet consultation was in progress, and added his plea in favor of the young man's wishes.

"You are to marry sooner or later, Miss Durand. Let the little time be in favor of your mutual happiness."

So Mirabel, persuaded most by Erne's pleading glance, yielded to the general solicitation that they two—already one in heart—should be quietly married that same evening.

There was a little pleasant stir throughout the manse when the fact was made known.

Fay heard it with a gush of gratified astonishment. She proffered her assistance in dressing the bride-elect, but Mirabel preferring being left quite alone.

"But I'm surprised; so overjoyed since I know you're quite reconciled. It does seem like such an unnecessary sacrifice on your part."

Mirabel's eyes flashed, but she said, quietly:

"I am fully satisfied with my choice."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Valere is perfectly splendid. But, dear Miss Durand, do you mean to make over all that money to me? I can't think of permitting it. Indeed—indeed, I would much rather you would share it with me."

"I do think I got shabby treatment at the madame's hands, but I'd be perfectly satisfied to share equally with you. You can't think of accepting more than half the money and one of the jewel caskets, you darling Mirabel."

And Mirabel, filled with grave, tender thoughts, could not but laugh at the *finesse* of the little intriguer.

"Not even the least of the Durand gems, Miss St. Orme," said she, decisively. "The money is freely yours, but the jewels are a part of the Durand estates."

"It is very unique," she said, turning slowly. "I remember Ross' saying she could not find the spring to replace it in its golden shield."

"Ugh!" shuddered Fay. "Madame had

"Mine," she whispered, and she did not mine after this."

The warning of the strange woman who had met her in the grounds came back to her, but she would not let it disturb her sense of gratification.

"If she marries the other one it will be death to Lucian," the woman had said.

The evening hours came, and in the gloaming, with the red glare of sunset early superseded by mellowed lights from the chandeliers, Valere and Mirabel were made man and wife.

But before the ceremony had taken place, Miss Durand legally transferred her legacy of thirty thousand dollars to Fay St. Orme. She went to Erne, as she had said, a penniless bride; but dearer in her wealth of love and munificence of charms of both person and mind, than if but one of these attractions had been represented by a princess' dower.

She had changed her mourning robes for a dress of sheer, white, fleecy muslin; and as the evening closed in, Doctor Gaines sent her away for some warmer covering for her thin-clad shoulders.

She slipped her hand from the clasp of her husband, and with a lingering, downward glance at him, eloquent of love and trust. He followed her with his gaze as she left the room, and wondered if this was not all a fitting vision. He could scarcely realize that peerless Mirabel was all his own.

The minutes slipped by; half an hour, an hour passed. The little group in the room of her husband wondered that she came not. A messenger was sent for her, but the bride was not in her own room.

There was an interval of waiting in which every one chid him with unfounded fears; then, thoroughly alarmed by her continued absence, they sought for her through house and grounds.

But Mirabel, the bride of an hour, had vanished mysteriously and completely as though she had been a myth.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

Mohenesto: Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XXV.—The Traditions of Indian Masons.—The Concluding Ceremony.—The Tau Cross.—The Author receives the Indian degree.—Hole-in-the-day.—The extent of Indian Freemasonry.—Festivals.—Guide for Emigrants.—Indian Signs.—A Fight with the Indians.—Their Repulse.—An Indian Freemason.—Lives saved by Freemasonry.—Kit Carson.

The indulgent reader will pardon this digression, and we will return to the subject of Indian Masonry. The second act in their ceremonies, or rather the second "section" of their degree, is historical, and the delivery of the traditions of their order consume no less than three hours. I could fill a volume by giving it *verbatim*, in the Indian language, but that would be superfluous, so I will content myself with giving the substance.

The traditions of the tribes, concerning the origin of their order, are, strange to say, all alike among all of the tribes—conclusive evidence that they were all derived from the same source. They claim that after the deluge the Great Spirit sent them a white bear, who led them to the North Star, where they found a most magnificent council-house. The bear led them through a long, winding passage to a room furnished in celestial splendor. At one end of the room was a massive throne, cut from a solid block of gold, which, when they entered, was unoccupied; but, after they had taken their seats, the room became instantly darkened, and the intense stillness was broken by a noise resembling the combined peal of a thousand claps of thunder, followed by a crash, and a light so brilliant as to blind them. When they had become accustomed to the light, they beheld the throne now occupied by a strange-looking white man, who wore on the back of his head a long scalp-lock, reaching to the ground, and braided full of gold and precious stones. He was dressed in a robe of spotless white furs, and upon either side of the throne sat two white bears; and the door was guarded by a bear, larger and whiter than the rest.

They represent that the man, speaking in a language which they had never heard, but which, singularly enough, they could readily understand, proceeded to perform the ceremonies which they were then performing.

After placing upon the breast of each the sign or totem of their order, he conducted them to an inner room, more magnificent than the first, where a banquet was spread, surpassing any thing they had ever before seen. Here, also, they were waited upon by the white bears, who were the only servants to be seen, and after feasting to their hearts' content, they were taken to the end of the world, where, looking in, they beheld a *paradise*. They could see the forms of loved friends and relatives fitting about in their celestial home within this world of ours, and game of all kinds in abundance. They were then told to return to their own country, and assured, that so long as they preserved the ceremonies among them, they should receive the protection of the Great Spirit in time of war; and that, when others were starving, they should have an abundance. And, finally, he assured them that when they came to die, they should be transported through the portals of the council-room to the *paradise* they had seen, there to live forever, in peace and plenty.

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This is the substance of the tradition concerning the origin of their order. Like all Indian history, it is metaphorical, and exists only in tradition. In their "lecture" to the candidate they are very explicit in giving the most minute details of their journey to the happy land, of their reception there, and of their treatment; also describing more fully the feast of which they participated, and the appearance of the country wherein this magnificent home is located.

The third and concluding ceremony is more impressive than the preceding ones, and occupies no less time than five hours.

It seemed to me that they were more than usually explicit in demonstrating the work on the occasion of my first visit; but, subsequent visits merely proved that they were doing their regular work, from which not one word was ever taken, or to which one word was ever added, or another substituted.

This section consisted in instructing the candidate in the signs, and in administering

the obligation. The duties of one member toward another are manifold, and are impressed upon their minds in a manner precluding the possibility of ever forgetting them. Their own lives are not counted in comparison with their duties, and any of them are ready to sacrifice all for the relief of a brother.

The candidate

SATURDAY JOURNAL

I
BY ARNOLD ISLER.

I—who am I? Why, myself—Me!
Well, who is Me? Why, myself—I!
I, that is Me: Now I see
Thro' it. I'm getting nigh
The time when I am to know this to be
A fact. I am what? I am what?
Aht there it is. I am what? I see,
And still I do not.
Yet I do know I am what a great treat.
To know me so much. I know I am a thing;
A living thing, that lives thro' bitter and sweet.
For what? That's it, for what? I talk, I sing,
I feel, I hear, I see, I laugh, I weep;
I love, I hate, I work, I play, I sleep;
And in my sleep I dream. In dreams I see
Strange things, strange scenes, strange faces app-
ear to me;
I wake, and lo! I find myself where I
Was before I counted sleep. I sigh,
I rise, I eat, I drink, I live, I die!
Then what?
Aht there it is:
What not—
'Cross Death's abyss!
Another life like this!
God forbid!

I would rather forevermore lie hid
In Earth's cold clay, forever senseless, dead!
Than live another life like this, and tread
Again the rough, changing pathway of life.
Bare over again this mixed-up mystic strife.

Was it a Mystery?

BY MARY REED CROWELL

EXACTLY, Mr. Heatherstone; you've hit
the nail on the head, smack, that time."

Farmer Mulberry took his clay pipe from
his lips and looked keenly at Rolfe Heather-
stone, who was smoking his cigar, with his
chain tipped back, and his handsome feet
resting on the railing of the piazza.

A sweet, shady place it was, the vine-
wined piazza of the stone farm-house; and
Rolfe Heatherstone, as he sat lazily
smoking and gazing off over the whitening
fields of buckwheat, to the purple hills that
seemed floating in the amethystine air, felt
that his Fate had dealt very kindly to him
in leading him to this charming retreat—
and to Violet Tredethlyn.

Particularly Violet Tredethlyn; the queen-
ly girl, who should have been called Regina
or Vashti, so royal was her grace, so imper-
ial and rare the wondrous beauty some
fairy godmother must surely have given
her.

Rolfe Heatherstone was not the first man,
by a dozen, who had fallen hotly and help-
lessly in love with this classic-faced goddess—
this stately girl, with her alabaster skin, that never was marred by the slightest
tinge of carnation; whose positive colors
were the glowing scarlet lips, full and ex-
quisitely rounded; the ebon-black eyes, al-
mond-shaped and lustrous, and their accom-
panying lashes and brows, that one expect-
ed would be jetty black. But her vividly-
golden hair, thick and shining, as if some
stray sunbeam were imprisoned in it, and
golden-brown lashes, lent to Violet Tredethlyn
the rare combination of beauty that to
Mr. Heatherstone was so attractive.

He was thinking of her, as he sat there;
indeed, when was he not thinking of her?
And he had just made a remark relative
to Miss Tredethlyn—a delicately compi-
mentary remark, such as he knew so well
to make—that struck farmer Mulberry as
being peculiarly happy.

Rolfe laughed at the rude, honest reply
farmer Mulberry made.

"You see," went on the old man, em-
phasizing his words by an occasional extra
puff at his pipe, "you see, I believe what
you say is gospel true, and that Miss Violy
is one of the smartest women I ever see;
fact is, Mr. Heatherstone, although you
can't see, of course, but she is just a little
too cute for me."

Rolfe smiled, calmly. Why should this
old countryman be a judge of peerless Violy?

They Rolfe wondered what he meant,
and he asked:

"Miss Tredethlyn is certainly a remark-
ably well-read, well-informed woman. I
am aware her education embraces pretty
nearly all studies women are presumed to
be able to conquer; but I must confess I
can not imagine why or wherein she is
'cute'—I think you said?"

Farmer Mulberry laid down his pipe, de-
liberately knocked out the ashes over the
railing of the piazza, and then turned to
Rolfe, with a quizzical expression on his
rugged face.

"Miss Tredethlyn pays her board reg'lar,
and don't find no fault with my old wo-
man's cookin'; but for all that, I tell you,
Mr. Heatherstone, what I've told nobody—
there's something very strange about her."

Rolfe felt his face flushing, but he only
coolly begged farmer Mulberry to partici-
pate Miss Tredethlyn's shortcomings.

"I can see you ain't overpleased, Mr.
Heatherstone," he continued, half depre-
catingly, "and it's materel enough, seem-
as how you admire her so much. But I do
say it don't look right the way she goes
on."

Rolfe's patience was beginning to ebb,
and now he threw his cigar away in an
angry mood.

"I hate mysteries!" he returned, shortly.
"I really wish you would tell me—if you
have any thing to tell."

"Oh, it's true as Scriptur', for I see it
with my own eyes, not an hour ago, too.
And if ever there was a—"

"Andrew! will you come here a minute?"

And as farmer Mulberry entered the
kitchen, Rolfe Heatherstone plunged away
among the dense green foliage of the
old-fashioned garden, wondering what
on earth the garrulous old man could mean.

"Oh, Mr. Heatherstone! I thought there
was no one on the piazza but myself."

Violet Tredethlyn's voice was just such
a voice as one would have expected from
her—clear, sweetly intoned, and slightly
ringing. Now, as its music suddenly fell
on Rolfe Heatherstone's ears, he actually
started in a spring of mingled surprise and
delight, for, like herself, he had thought
himself alone on the wide, vine-trellised
piazza.

He heard the voice, and then caught a
glimpse of white drapery, and a narrow
scarlet scarf thrown around sloping, queen-
shoulders; then, like a vision, her beau-
tiful face dawned on him among the leaves
of the Madeira vines.

He knew he loved her; he imagined she
loved him; but, somehow or other, farmer
Mulberry's words kept intruding upon him,
much as he wished to dispel the vague
restlessness they occasioned.

What could farmer Mulberry have
meant? What was the mystery hinted so
mysterious at? And then Violet suddenly
dispersed his thoughts.

"Building air-castles, Mr. Heatherstone?"

and are there any to let? I think I enjoy
these chateaux d'Espagne very decidedly,
for some purposes."

She was so arch, so free; and Rolfe de-
fiantly put under foot the troublesome
wonderings, resolved to enjoy this evening,
at all events.

"I am not sure, Miss Violet, that I shall
assume the cares of landlord, even for so
fair a lessee. Besides, I imagine even the
finest castle in Spain would fail to yield me
the enjoyment farmer Mulberry's cottage
has done this summer."

He was looking earnestly at her, and al-
though she averted her eyes for a second,
he noted, with a thrill of delight, the fleet-
ing blush on her cheek. But her answer
utterly demolished any hope of his.

"I fully agree with you, Mr. Heather-
stone. Such delicious strawberries and
cream! and then Mrs. Mulberry's home-
made bread! I am quite sure your air-cas-
tles could offer no such bill of fare."

Rolfe bit his lip crossly. As if this charming
girl did not know what he meant; and
knowing, how superciliously she ignored.

"I referred to a feast rather more aesthetic
than bread and butter, and strawberries and
cream. But, since you seem not to have
partaken of it, I will not mention it again."

He carelessly stuck a spray of the frag-
rant Madeira bloom in her sunshiny hair,
and then walked away as if she had been a
marble statue, utterly disregardful of the
flash she sent after him from those radiant
eyes of hers.

Rolfe passed slowly on by the open parlor
window, where Crawford Lance and Miss
Sperton were talking. He heard his own
name mentioned, and—am I in duty bound
to confess this shortcoming of my hero?—
very deliberately stopped behind the clean-
drier tree to listen.

"It is patent as daylight to every one else
but poor Mr. Heatherstone. If he only had
a sister now to tell him; but Miss Tredethlyn
will wind him round her finger completely."

So! and Rolfe's ears tingled with anger
and shame. It had come to this, had it, that
he and this "mystery" of Violet Tredethlyn's
were canvassed so freely among
farmer Mulberry's boarders.

"I wouldn't undertake to say it is all
true, Mr. Lance, but the belief is current
that Miss Tredethlyn is an opium-eater,
and—"

What else, Rolfe never heard. He fairly
staggered away from the window. Was it
possible? could it be possible? The cold
shivers ran over him as he contemplated the
ugly fact. Miss Tredethlyn—Violet, his queenly
Violet, his incomparable Violet, the slave of such a tyrant?

Well, very painful it was to have his
sight thus restored to him; but he bore it
quietly, and only walked his bedroom
all night, and then started off in the earliest
train before Violet had wakened from her
dreams of him.

It was a large, delightful room in the
western corner of the big, old-fashioned
farm-house that Mrs. Mulberry had given
Violet, with four shady windows where the
morning glories and California roses twined
and bloomed all the long summer days.

This morning, Violet was sitting by her
favorite window, looking out on the hills
of which she never tired; and wondering
away down in her strong loving heart, if it was
not Rolfe Heatherstone who had so
brightened her life this summer.

Then the fair, fair face of the farmer's
wife peeped in at her door.

"All alone, Miss Violy? No, I can't sit
down. I jest dropped in a minute on the
way down-stairs. I've been a'airn' Mr. Hea-
therstone's room against some one else's
wanting it."

Violet looked up eagerly.

"Why, Mr. Heatherstone's not given up
his room?"

"Given it up, paid his bill, and said good-
bye. Why, didn't you know he was goin'?"

In spite of the pain she was suffering at
this news, Violet could not but detect a
peculiarity in Mrs. Mulberry's question.

"Why should I know?" she flashed out.

"Oh! nothing, only—you know I kind
of thought after what Susie Lance said—"

She stopped short, half-appalled by the
light in Violet's black eyes.

"And what did Miss Lance say?"

Mrs. Mulberry was in no way reassured
by Violet's tone, but there was in it a com-
mand she was powerless to disobey.

"Oh, Miss Violy, I'd rather a' bit my
stupid tongue before it slipped so! But
you mustn't bear no malice to me, Miss
Violy, because Miss Lance told me secretly,
you know, about your dreadful failin', and
how it must have been that sent him."

Violet had never removed her eyes off her
face; now, in the same cold, imperious
tone she asked another question.

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Violy, because Miss Lance told me secretly,
you know, about your dreadful failin', and
how it must have been that sent him."

Violet had never removed her eyes off her
face; now, in the same cold, imperious
tone she asked another question.

"What should I know?" she flashed out.

"Oh! nothing, only—you know I kind
of thought after what Susie Lance said—"

She stopped short, half-appalled by the
light in Violet's black eyes.

"And what did Miss Lance say?"

Mrs. Mulberry was in no way reassured
by Violet's tone, but there was in it a com-
mand she was powerless to disobey.

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slowly. "Of course you read all about the war?"

"Yes." She wondered at the question.

"Wal, now, who was to blame for having all the men killed?"

"Why, I don't understand, father," she replied, in wonder.

"Wal, there was Jeff Davis an' all them Southerners on their side, an' there was Abe Lincoln an' Seward, an' a lot more on our side. Now, if it a-hadn't bin for these men, there wouldn't have bin any war, an' the question I'm puzzling over is, ain't these men to blame for the ones who were killed jes' as much as if they had killed 'em with their own hands?"

Delia had never heard any such reasoning as this before, and she thought the matter over carefully, wondering all the time what could have put such an idea into her father's head.

The old man watched her with eager anxiety.

"Wal, what do you think, Delie—are they to blame or ain't they?"

"I don't think they are, father; it was the antagonism of principles rather than men that brought on the war."

"Then you don't think that the blood of the men who were killed lies at their doors, eh?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, I do not believe that any one would think so," she said.

"Tain't that, Delie?" he cried, earnestly; "it 'ain't what any one in this world will think, but how will the account balance when it comes before the last Great Court?"

There was a feverish anxiety about the old man which was pitiful to behold.

"You mean the Day of Judgment, father?"

"Yes, Delie, that's what I mean; how will a man, through whose means other men have died, stand there? Won't their blood cry out ag'in' him? Do you s'pose he'll stand any chance to be saved?"

"Father, I wouldn't think of such things," the girl said, coaxingly. "What does it matter? You had nothing to do with bringin' on the war. They can not lay any man's death at your door."

"Mebbe not—mebbe not," he muttered, absently; "but I'd like to be sure."

"Here's Mr. Paxton coming up the walk, father," the girl said, happening to look out of the window.

"Mister Paxton?" the old man exclaimed, rousing himself out of his stupor.

"Yes, young Mr. Paxton—Sinclair," she said.

"Oh, I remember; he comes about the mill; a little matter of business."

"I'll run away then, so as not to be in the way."

And she went out through the dining-room into the kitchen where Mary Ann, the "hired girl," was busy among the dishes.

Mary Ann was a brisk, comely girl of twenty.

"Show Mr. Paxton in; he's coming up the walk," Delia said.

"Sartin," Mary Ann responded, and she hurried away to the front door, which she reached just as the young man rang the bell.

Paxton was shown into the sitting-room, and Mary Ann returned to the kitchen.

"He's a nice-looking young man," Mary Ann remarked, with a sly glance at the face of the young girl.

"Yes," responded Delia, with an air of indifference which she was far from feeling, for Sinclair Paxton was a great favorite of hers.

"Pears to me if I had been you I would have gone and let him in myself," the hired girl continued.

"Why so, Mary Ann?" asked Delia, quietly, but there was a little red spot burning in each cheek.

"For a chance to have had a little quiet chat with him."

"Why, Mary Ann!" and the daughter of the house blushed to her temples; "why should I wish to chat with him?"

"I thought girls alders liked to see their fellers," Mary Ann replied, slyly, enjoying Delia's confusion.

"But he isn't my fellow," Delia protested.

"Isn't your feller?"

"No."

"Comes here pretty often."

"But he comes to see father on business."

"And not to see you?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, folks think that he comes here arter you. Lordy, Delia, I've heard a dozen say, 'what a nice match Delia Embden and Sinclair Paxton will make!'"

"I should think that folks might find something better to do than to talk about any such thing, particularly when there isn't a word of truth in it!" Delia declared, with a flushed face.

"Oh, folks will talk, you know, Delia, and when they talk they must say something. Why, do you know I really thought that you and Mr. Paxton were engaged?"

"Why, Mary Ann?"

"Well, I really did; he's been here so much lately."

"It is because father has a great deal of business to transact with him, but he never comes to see me; I've walked down the street with him two or three times, but it was all accident; we both happened to go out at the same time."

"Well, now, do tell!" Mary Ann exclaimed. "Well, I'm glad that he ain't your beau for one thing."

"Why, what is that?" asked Delia, in astonishment.

"Cos he's another girl," whispered Mary Ann, mysteriously.

The flushed face came into her eyes. Although she had denied that Sinclair was her lover, yet it was plain that Mary Ann's intelligence was not calculated to give her pleasure.

"How do you know he has, Mary Ann?" she asked, with an effort to appear unconcerned.

"Oh, folks know all about it now," Mary Ann said, with an air of satisfaction. "They were out walking together last night. I guess the old deacon would have said if he could have seen 'em."

"What's the girl's name?"

"One of the mill-hands—same mill that Sin Paxton is treasurer of; her name is Grange—Lydia Grange."

"Oh, yes, I know her," Delia said, quickly; "that is, I don't mean that I really know her, but I know who she is. She hasn't been here very long."

"No, she came last winter; she's a dreadfully proud, stuck-up thing; acts as if she thought that she was better than other people," Mary Ann said, with a toss of the head.

"She is very pretty," Delia observed, thoughtfully.

"Well, that's jest as people think," the hired girl added, a little contemptuously. "She isn't my style of beauty."

"And is Mr. Paxton really in love with her?"

"You ought to have just seen 'em walking together last night!" the girl protested. "I took one look at them, and that satisfied me. I think that it's a shame that some one don't tell his father. He ought know it."

"Why, she may be a very good girl, Mary Ann," Delia suggested, but there was a tinge of spite in her tone.

"Yes, she may be, and then again she may not be. There isn't anybody in Bideford that knows any thing about her, who she is, where she comes from, or who she belongs to. Why, she may have a dozen husbands, for all anybody knows here!"

"I don't see how the deacon could stop it, even if he knew it," Delia said, thoughtfully.

"He'd find a way!" Deacon Edmund Paxton knows more than all the rest of Bideford put together. I only wish he knew all about it."

Delia did not reply, and the conversation turned upon other subjects. The seed was planted, though, in fruitful soil.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

changed a few hasty words and then began their retreat to the camp of the Avengers. As they moved on, each told the other his adventures, and when Old Shadow learned of Death-Notch being in the Indian village, he said:

"Whew! bet a picayune 'llar 'll fly while that critter's in camp; but, envy fly-trap."

"Yes; Death-Notch said they were there."

"That's the cackle!" the old hunter exclaimed, "and we'll have 'em or bu't."

In due time the scouts arrived in camp. Ralph St. Leger was there. They at once delivered their information to their friends. When Omaha narrated his adventure with Death-Notch in the lodge of the Medicine, a smile was seen to play about the lips of Ralph St. Leger, but none save Fred Travis and Omaha knew its import.

"Wal, I'll tell ye, yonker, we can convain Death-Notch on't and cut our way out here rather than perish. But just lay it and things may all work out right yet."

And, acting upon this advice, guards were posted wherever there was the least chance of a savage approaching; then those not on duty lay down to rest.

The night wore away, and morning dawned clear and bright, and as the sun glanced across the plain, the Avengers saw the danger that menaced them. Fully three score of savage warriors were encamped on the plain, close up to the little clump of oaks that stood like a door at the mouth of the defile. Their animals were picketed to grass west of the camp. A row of lances, stuck in the ground, were aligned in a semicircle about the camp, and at the foot of each weapon lay its owner's side-arms and horse-equipment.

They were upon the war-path. This our friends could tell by their paint and the absence of females. But why had they encamped there?

Our friends saw them build small fires and broil venison upon them. This done, they eat their meal in silence. Then some strolled out along the base of the cliffs, while others lounged about in listless, idle attitudes that convinced the Avengers they had gone into a temporary encampment for, no telling how long, nor for what purpose.

This was an unfortunate state of affairs for our friends. They could not make their exit from the defile by a rear passage. If they would escape at all, it must be made through the defile where they had entered, in the very face of the foe.

"Durn a guard was posted, and the band lay down to get a few hours' rest and sleep before the time for the ordeal came. But no sleep came to the eyes of one of the party. They all lay upon the hard earth, thinking of the coming conflict and its probable result. They had little upon which to base a single hope of victory, but men under such circumstances are determined and desperate. They never let a fear or doubt stay a resolution.

Each one of the little band, unless it was Old Shadow, had pictured to himself the rescue of a friend—either a sweetheart, sister or mother. Even Omaha had hopes of meeting friends taken captive by the Sioux in their raid upon the Omaha country.

When the hour of action had come, every man was upon his feet, with rifle in hand, and under the guidance of Old Shadow, they set off toward the Indian village.

As they neared the town they were not a little surprised at the deep silence that prevailed around the place. Not the bark of a dog could be heard, nor the glimmer of a dying camp-fire seen. All was wrapped in profound silence and darkness. There were, however, voices in the wilderness. The sharp bark of a wolf hanging on the outskirts of the village, the "who-who-hoo" of the owl, and the wailing of insects could be heard all around.

"Durn my ole rippin'!" exclaimed Old Shadow, "things seem a leetle dull and grain down to it. I reckon as what Death-Notch put a damper on their spirits when he caved in the clam-shell of their ole Medicine humbug, and they've all gone into mournin' over it."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Omaha, "that silence mean something else—something unusual."

"It is singular that not a sound can be heard from the village," said Fred Travis.

"All in bed, I reckon," said Old Shadow, "and I'd give a picayune to knock the bottom out and heave the whole caboodle into the sulphur diggin's. But see here, boyes, I'll make a leetle feed down to 'd'st's the camp and see what's up."

"Very well; we will remain here till you return," said Travis.

The old scout took his departure, and something like half an hour had elapsed when he was heard coming toward them, singing:

"At the ole hedgehog, at the ole hedgehog, at the ole hedgehog, at the ole hedgehog."

"Hark, there!" suddenly demanded Phelix O'Ray, "yees will arrhouse the whole Indian country wid that bell-clapper ave youn. Dem it, man, what do ye mane?"

"Givin' vent to the exuberance of my my spirt, I am, young Ireland," replied the scout.

"Well, what discovery, old friend?" asked Travis.

"The red varlets have gone—every cuss o'em—wemen, men, brats and all."

"What! broke camp?" exclaimed St. Leger.

"Yes; Death-Notch's doin' must hev hurried 'em up a leetle. They went westward, and my 'pinion is they'll not stop this side o' the Big Muddy."

"Boys," said St. Leger, and his voice was sad and low. "I am afraid it will be a long time ere our hopes are realized, if they ever are. But, what say you, Avengers? Shall we take up their trail and follow them, or not?"

"Follow them!—trail them to death!" cried Fred Travis, and his words were repeated by every tongue.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON THE TRAIL.

At early dawn on the following morning, the Avengers were upon the trail.

From the course taken by the Sioux, it was evident they were aiming for the country beyond the Missouri river. They had every advantage of their pursuers not only in the start and in point of strength, but they were mounted, and in a fair way of increasing instead of diminishing the distance between them. However, the hardy band pressed on with a desperate determination to accomplish their object—to rescue their friends.

For two days they traveled, without coming in sight of the main column of the savages, but the freshness of their animals' hoof-prints told that they were not far in advance; and, occasionally, a scout was seen scouring over the plain at either the right or the left of the trail.

On the second night the pursuers camped in a deep and densely wooded defile in a picturesque range of bluffs overlooking the Missouri river. Scrubby oaks of some fifteen or twenty feet in height, interlaced with wild grape-vines and creepers, covered the face of the bluffs, and extending down into the bottom, blocked from view the entrance to the defile.

Once within the defile, it could only be left by the way it was entered, for the cliffs on all sides were perpendicular, and in some places sheer. It was dark when our friends reached this secluded spot. For fear of danger, they did not strike a fire. It is well they did not, for Omaha, who had been put on guard, soon made his appearance in camp and said:

"Let Omaha have no fear of me! I know why you are here—the same for which I came. The Medicine-man lies dead under the skins I sit upon. Look, Omaha, at that lodge-pole. It bears a notch upon it. I cut it there! I am Death-Notch! Go leave me quick; you look so like a Sioux that I might slay you. Go back to those that await you and tell them that there are many captives here, and that Inkpaduak is preparing to move his village at daybreak."

Omaha waited for no further orders or information, but left the lodge and soon worked himself from the village.

A few moments later he heard a savage yell which satisfied him that Death-Notch's presence had been discovered.

Out in the forest at the appointed place, Omaha and Old Shadow met. They ex-

changed a few hasty words and then began their retreat to the camp of the Avengers.

As they moved on, each told the other his adventures, and when Old Shadow learned of Death-Notch being in the Indian village, he said:

"Bet a picayune on it, Ralph," said the hunter; "if they don't know we're here now they'll find it out pretty soon in the mornin', or ye may take my mouth for a fly-trap."

"I presume we have not been as cautious as we should have been, if we have let savages coop us up in this defile," said Fred Travis.

"Wal, I'll tell ye, yonker, we can convain Death-Notch on't and cut our way out here rather than perish. But just lay it and things may all work out right yet."

And, acting upon this advice, guards were posted wherever there was the least chance of a savage approaching; then those not on duty lay down to rest.

The night wore away, and morning dawned clear and bright, and as the sun glanced across the plain, the Avengers saw the danger that menaced them. Fully three score of savage warriors were encamped on the plain, close up to the little clump of oaks that stood like a door at the mouth of the defile. Their animals were picketed to grass west of the camp. A row of lances, stuck in the ground, were aligned in a semicircle about the camp, and at the foot of each weapon lay its owner's side-arms and horse-equipment.

They were upon the war-path. This our friends could tell by their paint and the absence of females. But why had they encamped there?

"You've got the royal vim about you. A hoss will be quite an item to me

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green grass would keep the flames in check, from sweeping onward like an irresistible wave, but the smoke arising therefrom would soon cover the face of the great plain, and make it impossible for one to live and breathe under it. This the savages knew, and they had fired the prairie with the intention of smoking the Avengers across the plain, and in all probability, into some trap which they had or would have prepared.

As the shadows of night continued to gather, the light of the burning prairie began to shoot athwart the sky, and roll in dull, lurid waves down toward them with no little rapidity.

"Let us press on, boys, a little faster," said young Travis; "if the wind should gain strength, it will scatter the smoke over the whole plain and suffocate us. If, however, we should come to a water-course, we might make a halt and escape the dangers of the fire. But I will not consent to desert my pony to the mercy of the fire, now that it has carried me beyond immediate peril."

"Nor I," repeated his companions. They galloped along at a slow pace, conversing in an undertone, when, suddenly, their jaded animals pricked up their ears and sniffed the air uneasily.

"Boys," said Death-Notch, "there is danger about. These animals—"

He did not finish the sentence. A terrible sound rushed suddenly athwart the darkness. It was a sound resembling the roll of thunder—deep-toned and awful—low at first, but gradually gathering volume of sound. But it was not thunder. The sky was clear. Besides that, sound seemed rolling along the face of the earth. There was no doubt of this, for they could feel the very ground trembling under their animals' hoofs.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 186.)

Bianco;
or,
THE HERMIT'S STORY.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

In one of the most beautiful of the mountainous portion of the State of Virginia stands an old homestead, now rapidly crumbling away.

The broad porticos, massive columns, and heavy windows, give it an old baronial look, indicative of former grandeur and magnificence, but time, the destroyer of all works of man, has brought ruin and desolation upon the whole domain. Broad un-tiled fields spread for miles around, the lawn is overgrown with rank weeds, the carriage drives through the dense forest no longer echo to the sound of wheels, and the low of cattle, the cry of the herdsman, and the bark of the dog, no more break the stillness that haunts the time-worn ruin.

The broad domain is shunned by all in the neighborhood, for a dark story rests upon the decaying homestead, and few there were who cared to visit the scene of desolation.

Not many miles distant from the Anchorage—for as such was the decaying estate known—was a small farm-house, in which dwelt a mother and her son, and several negro servants.

The farm was small, but its fields were well tilled; the house, a very tiny affair, yet comfortable and neat, looking like what it was, a quiet home.

Here lived upon the Daisy Farm, the widow Maynard, and her only son, Bianco, a youth of seventeen when I first met him as a fellow student at Princeton College.

With a dark, Spanish face, a supple figure, and polished manners, Bianco was of a proud, unbending nature, and particularly resented toward his companions, excepting myself; from the first we were friends.

Graduating before I did, Bianco spent a few months in traveling, and while at Niagara Falls, met with a young and lovely girl, the accomplished daughter and only child of a New York millionaire, and, ere many days passed in her society, learned to love her with all the depth of his impassioned nature.

Irene Irving returned the love of Bianco, and secretly they became engaged: secretly, because Mr. Irving had told Irene, when he noticed the deep interest the young people felt for each other, that he had other views for her than marrying her to a broken-down Virginian, whose name was all he could boast.

Bianco, learning the feeling of Mr. Irving toward him, sought that gentleman, and told him of his love for his daughter, and that he wished to claim her as his wife, for he was able to give her a comfortable home among the Virginia hills, although he could not support her in the luxury in which she had been brought up.

A stormy scene ensued, and ended in the banishment of Bianco from the presence of the woman he loved.

Returning home, the young man came by Princeton to visit me, and made me promise to spend my vacation with him.

It was September ere I could keep my promise, and then I fled away to the mountainous country in which was situated the farm of Bianco's mother.

A warm welcome greeted me, and in that old farm-house I was happy.

Bianco was indisposed for several days, and alone I would mount a fine thoroughbred horse placed at my disposal, and dash over mountain and valley, lost in admiration at the scene around me.

It was in one of these horseback excursions that I came upon the ruined Anchorage estate, and, in surprise at its ruin, sprung from my horse, and traversed its deserted halls.

The sound of my tread gave back a dull, lonely echo; the old stairway creaked beneath my step, and an owl, frightened by the unexpected invasion into his ruined retreat, hooted forth his melancholy note of woe, and flew away.

Impressed by the sad scene, I returned to my horse and rode away.

At supper, that evening, I mentioned my visit to the deserted homestead, and could not fail to notice that my words affected both Bianco and his mother, so I dropped the subject.

In a hunting excursion, that Bianco and myself went upon, into the mountains, we found ourselves, toward evening, upon a lofty wooded point of land that contained an extensive view of the country around; the other distant ranges of blue mountains, the valley below, dotted with homesteads, and then the vast uncultivated lands of the Anchorage, with the old mansion, far in the shadow of the mountain—all together presented a magnificent view of

lovely nature and man's artifice combined.

Observing my looks resting upon the Anchorage, Bianco observed:

"That is the ruined estate you visited a few days ago: it recalls painful remembrances to my mother and myself, and for that reason we never refer to it. Had I my rights, that old home would now be mine, and then the wealth of Irene's father would not equal mine own."

"Has it passed entirely out of your hands, Bianco?" I asked.

"Yes: there is a dark mystery hanging over its ownership: a secret that has never been cleared up: but—Ha! what was that?"

"It seemed like a groan; let us see where it came from," I answered, for distinctly there had come to our ears a sound, as if of a human being in distress.

Back a few steps from the point of land, the mountain arose in a cliff, to the height of sixty feet, and at its base I discerned a small opening, evidently the entrance to a cavern.

With pistols in hand, ready to meet either friend or foe, we turned a projection of the rock, and there a sight met us which was startling as unexpected.

Lying upon a low wooden bed, back from the large opening of the cavern, was the figure of a man, emaciated and worn.

A torn blanket and quilt were drawn half over his form, and the face before us was pinched with fell disease and suffering.

Once that man had been a noble creature, but a wreck alone remained: his hair and beard, grown long, and matted from want of care, was as white as snow, and presented a strange contrast to his dark, restless eyes.

"In God's name, who are you, and what do you here?" exclaimed Bianco, stepping forward, and bending beside the prostrate man.

"Boy, I have lived here for years, but the white sands have been sifted by Time upon my head, and now my days, my hours are numbered," said the old man, in a weak voice.

"You are suffering; can I not aid you? for this is no place for you to remain," said Bianco, feeling.

"And yet I have lived here eighteen years: for you were then a boy of five, Bianco Maynard."

"What! you know me?"

"I know you? Yes; and from your eyes see your dead father looking upon me; his gaze haunts me now."

"Listen, Bianco; I have grievously wronged you and yours, but now, in my dying hour, I wish to redeem the past. You have a friend with you, and together you shall listen to my story of crime; but listen quietly to the end."

"In the last century the old estate of the Anchorage was built by Lord Basil Maynard, who was a distinguished naval officer in the English service.

"Resigning from the navy he bought lands in Virginia, and here built the home called the Anchorage; marrying an American lady, he gave up his allegiance to England, and became a citizen of this country."

"The result of the marriage were two sons—Basil and Bianco Maynard, and upon the death of their father and mother, the vast property was left equally divided between the boys.

Basil married and settled down upon the estate, while Bianco became a wild, reckless wanderer, throwing his money away, and dissipating through his best years.

"To his brother Basil he mortgaged his property, and with the proceeds left the country.

"In riotous living five years passed, and his brother once more aided him.

"But to no purpose, Bianco still persisted in his wild life, and judging he could no longer obtain any money from his brother, went to the Anchorage in the dead of night, and slew him as he lay in bed, for his wife and his little son, your mother and yourself, could feast his eyes upon the scene of his foul deed. Bianco—do you know me now?"

The old hermit ceased speaking, and fixed his burning eyes upon his nephew, who stood as if entranced beside him.

"I know you; you have done my mother and myself a foul wrong, but we have been avenged in your own sufferings. Bianco Maynard, forgive you, and shall not mock your dying hours."

"God bless you, my son! But I have not yet completed all I would say. Back yonder in that cavern, where I have lived for eighteen years, creeping out in the night to obtain food, I have the strong-box, with all of its contents untouched. Take it, and you are once again an heir to riches untold, for I know that your mother fled with you from the Anchorage, after the death of your father, and that you now live in poverty, as it were, when you should have roiled in wealth."

"Here, I can not allow you to die thus, for you know you are fast failing; I will go for you, comfort, and return with a physician, for you may yet be better. My friend will remain with you until my return," and away Bianco started, and soon his horse's hoofs resounded as he dashed upon the mountain path.

Three hours I sat beside the dying man, and watched his quickly failing breath. Around him were many signs of his long hermitage, and in one part the cavern was rather comfortably fitted up, while a rifle and several pistols hung from brackets upon the rocky walls, and a number of books lay scattered around.

Impressed by the sad scene, I returned to my horse and rode away.

At supper, that evening, I mentioned my visit to the deserted homestead, and could not fail to notice that my words affected both Bianco and his mother, so I dropped the subject.

In a hunting excursion, that Bianco and myself went upon, into the mountains, we found ourselves, toward evening, upon a lofty wooded point of land that contained an extensive view of the country around; the other distant ranges of blue mountains, the valley below, dotted with homesteads, and then the vast uncultivated lands of the Anchorage, with the old mansion, far in the shadow of the mountain—all together presented a magnificent view of

My Housekeeping,

BY JAMES B. HENLEY.

One evening, in the month of June while lying at full length on the sofa, in my pleasant sitting-room, smoking a cigar, my wife, who had often spoken to me about her desire to go to Long Branch, just for a few days, again began to plead for permission to go, and some money.

"What shall I do while you are absent?"

"I asked, by way of trying her.

"You can get your meals at a restaurant, or you can cook them here."

This answer was just what I expected, so I asked:

"Well, Sarah, you can go, and I'll keep house. Here is some money."

"Oh! what a good, kind husband you are!" she cried. "I'll start by the nine o'clock boat, to-morrow morning."

The next morning at half-past eight, she had only about half completed her toilet; but, by hard exertions, we managed to reach the boat, perspiring freely, just as the gang-plank was being pulled ashore.

I grasped her sash and shawl and flung them on board the boat, striking an aged colored lady full in the face, which laid her on her back on the deck, which beat everybody seemed to consider intensely ludicrous, judging from the road smiles with which it was greeted.

My wife gathered all her energies for a jump, which she made in true race-horse style, landing with great precision in the lap of an old apple-woman, upsetting her stock of merchandise, that was piled up in a basket in front of her, which rolled in every direction.

Just how the affair was settled I was unable to see, on account of the fast-receding boat, so I wiped the perspiration from my brow, and turned, walked in the direction of my place of business.

As I was returning home that evening, I thought of the pleasing time I should have cooking my own victuals. Such biscuits and griddle-cakes! Enough to make night hideous with their concents.

I was just making up my mind that, if something did not happen soon, I should starve in the midst of plenty, when I thought of the restaurant, so I went out and procured some supper; but it was little better than what I could produce at home; so I shook the dust of that restaurant off my feet, and determined to get something to eat at home, or starve in the attempt.

I thought of the numerous dishes that I liked, and concluded to have some baked beans for supper next day, being very fond of them. I purchased a pint, deposited them in a pot of water, before I left the house next morning. At noon, having a few leisure moments, I went home, and emptied them into a flat sheet-iron pan, and set them in the oven to bake. When I returned home at night, I opened the oven door. They looked nice, but appearances are very deceitful. I noticed, also, that I had forgotten to put any pork into them; but that made no difference. I lifted a spoonful, and laid them upon my plate. Could not rattle louder? I tried to masticate one. Stone could not be harder. I concluded that I did not like beans, anyway, and in a fit of generosity I emptied them out of the back-window into my neighbor's yard. About a week afterward he presented me with a bill for the value of three chickens, that had died from dyspepsia, caused by eating them, he having, very ingeniously, traced back the ownership of said beans to me. I paid it mournfully and in silence.

This was my last attempt at cooking, and in desperation I rushed to the telegraph office, and telegraphed to my wife to come home, or I would commit suicide.

She returned the next day, and never did anybody receive a more hearty welcome than she did.

This was my first and last attempt at housekeeping alone.

I eat now, with touching resignation, any thing that is placed before me, and never allude to my skill and system in cooking.

The first lot of cakes stuck faster than a poor-nurse's plaster to the griddle. Ditto, second lot, only more. My dream of delicious griddle-cakes was rapidly vanishing, when I happened to think that I had not

gotten the flour, salt and water right.

The yeast was strong enough to raise a house from its foundation, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped up a portion of it and put it into another dish. I then built a fire, after several unsuccessful attempts, which filled the room with smoke, making it more like a smokehouse than any thing else, placed my griddle upon the stove and commenced setting the table for breakfast. After breaking several of my wife's best glass dishes, a cup and two plates, and trading on the cat's tail, for which favor I became the recipient of a long and deep scratch on the calf of my leg, I managed to get dishes enough on the table to eat breakfast with.

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ALL ALONE.
A LAKESIDE MONODY.

BY LAUNCE POYNZ.

"The day has faded into gloom, and sunk behind the purple west;—
Fast falling din;—
The cawing crow has flapped his homeward way to seek his distant nest.
Far from the sun;—
The sad-eyed lark in gloom above the sparkling lakelet's breast.
And covers with its dusky pall my weary heart that knows no rest,
All, all alone."
Way waits she in the twilight there, with sad gaze fixed upon the sky?—
While the sun runs
The thoughts that crowd her heart, and bring the wistful longing to her eye?—
What has she done,
That she should cower 'neath the reeds, and sit the silent lakeside by?
To listen where the rippling weep, and echo back the sad wind's sigh?
All, all alone!
"Twas here we parted, when the spring came twitting with the singing bird,
And now he's gone!
The summer winds have swept away the anger of his parting word;
The sun is gone brown
Comes moaning o'er the hilltops, 'mid the dying leaves faintly heard,
And murmur through the rustling flags, the melancholy breeze has stirred,
All, all alone!"

"All, all alone, no more to gladden, list'ning to the step I hear!
How the winds moan:
The coming tempest rages far away, and thunder rolls above.
Deep monotone!
And he longs to go away in bitterness, the world to rove,
And my false pride has left me here, to vainly mourn the word that drove
My darling one away alone;
All, all alone!"

for love and sympathy as she longed, could have done, and motioned him away.

"Don't!" she said, lowly; "it is hard enough without being pitied. If I have trouble, I can bear it alone."

He smiled faintly, dropping his hand.

"Pardon me," he replied, gently. "I did not intend to wound you. Miss West is coming. How long is she to stay here?"

"Until September," Amy answered, glancing at the couple coming up the walk.

"She will return home, then, to prepare for her marriage with Mr. Glover. It is no secret; therefore I speak freely."

She looked up at him as she concluded, and was startled at the expression of his face.

It was very grave and stern, and with a hasty bow to her, he left the room.

A suspicion, for the first time, entered her mind—could it be that Dr. Armitage loved Vida? Well, it did not matter to her, since he cared nothing for herself. Vida's clear, merry tones roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen.

"Dreaming, Amy?" And Dr. Armitage

looked dreadfully solemn—what is the matter?

What a splendid man the doctor is!

Such a man as he would be worth of late

and since that scamp of a lawyer lost all

his property speculating, and we've had

you to wholly support, it makes consider

able difference!"

Amy moved uneasily—how often in the

past two months had she heard such words,

and how sharply they had hurt her!

She realized fully what it was to eat the bread of dependence, bitter enough always, but

doubly so in her present situation.

"There's Dr. Armitage," said Mrs. Livingston, glancing from the window. "He comes often of late."

"Will you open the window? It is very warm," was all Amy's answer.

"The window? Yes, but you'll want it

shut again in a minute. It is run, run, all the time."

Another wordy arrow, sharp as a two

edged sword. Amy winced painfully, and

Dr. Armitage, entering at that moment, saw

that her eyes were full of tears. Seeing in

his face something of the sympathy he felt

for her, a sudden, wild thought struck her.

Was it not possible that he cared something

for her? Hardly; and yet, he loved no one

else she was sure, and—perhaps he might

one day care for her. She was in no condition

to reason clearly—a wild idea of escape

had struck her.

It was a gray, cheerless day in late No

ember. Outside, the wailing winds tossed

the bare branches, and drifted the dead

leaves; indoors, there was a bright, glowing

fire, before which sat Amy Livingston

with clasped hands and scarlet cheeks, list

ening, as she had been forced to do for a

half hour, to her sister-in-law's fretful,

complaining voice.

"Dear knows what's to become of us,"

she was saying; "your brother don't get

along with his business very well of late

and since that scamp of a lawyer lost all

his property speculating, and we've had

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